

# No One Mourns The Frozen

by Let-Everything-Go

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Summary: It's been months after the big thaw, but as Elsa tries to adjust to regular palace life with Anna again, she still longs for her green friend, Elphaba by her side. Growing up all alone, Elphaba was the only one who could be there for her. This story combines many crossovers that everyone can enjoy, such as Tangled, Brave, How To Train Your Dragon, and more.

## 1. Chapter 1

...It's been four years since Elsa's seen Elphaba; Elphaba being her friend? Guardian angel? She hadn't the faintest idea of what she was to her.

And technically, it's only been several months after seeing Elphaba in her ice castle, but it had only been guiding out to the North Mountain in snippets. The vague image of her comes to Elsa's mind suddenly while she slowly chews her eggs. Anna makes an "Unf" sound as she jumps down from the last couple stairs into the dining hall, and the memory of the green-skinned woman abruptly fades away from Elsa.

"Good morning, my love," Anna sings as she kisses Elsa's cold, pale cheek, and takes the empty seat next to her.

Elsa comes back from space and smiles at her girlfriend, "Good morning, darling."

Anna grinned and looked over to the oncoming servant, who comes over to ask what she'd like for breakfast. Elsa zones back into herself, trying desperately to conjure up that image of her old friend. A distant memory of Elphaba when she was a child, locked in her frozen tundra of a chamber room. Young Elphaba appeared almost every day to console Elsa and distract her from the pain...

"Let's play a game!" Elphaba said one snowy afternoon. She had sat

herself down on Elsa's bed. Anna kept banging on the door, asking her to come out and play. If only she could know.

"What can we play? There's nothing to do in here," Elsa grumbled, coddling her blanky and wiping the pale pink fabric under her eyes, retracting tear stains on it.

The other little girl thought for a long moment, and then jumped off the bed to run to the center of the room. The floor was lightly dusted with white powdery snow, over a sheet of ice that covered the floor. With her tiny, green hands, she pushed away most of the snow, revealing the slippery surface underneath.

Once she finished, she slid over to Elsa, who was sitting on the edge of the bed, and cheered, "We could skate?"

The red eyed, sobbing girl looked up and smiled. They spent the afternoon gliding around, forgetting about secrets and being good girls. At least they could enjoy a moment away from it all. At least they had someone there...

"...and some eggs like the Queen here," Anna hummed to the servant, who nodded her head and hurried to the kitchen. Elsa snapped back from her thoughts and grinned at her. "Something wrong?"

Elsa hesitated a moment, then finally said, "Yes, dearest." It accidentally came out as a whisper, which is convenient since the servant came back from the kitchen to refill their water glasses, and she isn't exactly the most gay-friendly of the kingdom...

## 2. Chapter 2

Mountains of stacks of books lay sprawled across the mahogany desk. Elsa's head lays on an open novel she must have been reading for hours, considering it looks like she was almost done. Anna prances past the door, heading to bed, and knocks to say goodnight to her sister. When she does, no answer, of course she's used to that silence following, though she has also gotten used to just letting herself in.

Once she does so, she see's her girlfriends hair pinned up in a messy french braid, draped down her back as she dreams peacefully. "Oh, my cute little flower," Anna sighs quietly, appreciating how cute she looks: her head resting on her folded arms on the desk, a small smile originating from serene dreams. She sneaks in, careful not to interrupt Elsa with loud squeaks from the door, and grabs a quilt from her bed and drapes it over her girlfriend. "Sweet dreams, love."

"Elphie?" Elsa whispered, "Where are you?" Frost stretches up the walls, glazing the floor underneath her. The door feels colder and colder on her back by the minute.

It's been weeks since Elphaba visited her. She longed for the green-skinned girl to be beside her again.

"Please Elphie! It's getting stronger!" Another blast of frost rebounds from her hand and hits the window in the shape of a snowflake. She slides down to the ground, back against the frozen

door, horror struck. \_Please, Elphaba... she thinks, "I need you here," she whispers through pained lips, strained from holding back tears. Elsa's cheeks and nose turn bright red as she cries into her lap.

\_Please, my parents are gone!\_ She thinks to herself, as if her friend, wherever she may be, could hear her. \_I just need you here. What am I going to do?\_

"...People are asking where you've been..." A muffled voice from outside the door sings, "...They say have courage, and I'm trying to, just let me in." Every word stabs Elsa in the chest again and again.

"What are we gonna do?" Anna whispers

\_What are we gonna do?\_ The broken girl thinks.

Elsa gasps for air as she suddenly awakes to a dark room, with the moonlight as the only illumination through the frosted window. Cool, damp streams cover her cheeks and eyes. She quickly wipes them off and realizes it was only a dream. Her heart is racing. She looks over to her girlfriend, sound asleep in their bed.

The Snow Queen crosses over to the bed and climbs in next to Anna. She strips down to her underwear and wraps her arm around her sister, trying to force the thawing love into every part of her body to keep Anna warm. Before she lulls to sleep, she see's a vibrant-green reflection of light in the mirror across the room. She hesitates a moment: \_Elphie?\_

"Good Morning Sweetie! Glad you came to bed last night, I missed falling asleep in her arms," Anna cheers a little too loudly next to Elsa, rustling her awake. Her eyes flutter open to the red-haired girl leaning over her - who surprisingly isn't wearing braided pig-tails today; it looks cute.

"Good Morning Babe," Elsa grumbles in a sleepy voice.

"Did you sleep well?"

"Yes babe, and you?"

'Well yes...' Anna pauses a moment and glances at the floor, then looks up and says, "Who's Elphaba?"

This catches Elsa off guard, she's taken aback, air caught in her throat mid-breath. "What are you talking about?" Her heart speeds up.

"Elphaba. Several times last night I heard you say that name in your sleep." Anna's expression grows more serious with each word.

A brief moment passes while Elsa thinks of something to say, "I had a dream last night. And there was a woman in the dream was named Elphaba."

"What happened in the dream?" The ginger-haired girl raises an eyebrow.

"Well..." - the queen clears her throat - "I don't remember that much of it, only that Elphie- Elphaba and I were in some weird dimension - 'Oz' she called it." She weaves a tale of only the second-hand information Elphie had told her about her homeland. The natives, "Munchkins" as she said, were almost like mutant elves, but with a stable civilization, just twisted slightly - wizards and witches and flying monkeys and talking animals. It sounded more like a certain someone took a little trip on some Spanish Sherry, but for all Elsa knows, it could be real.

Anna begins to laugh hysterically, "You're such a nut, baby. Now come down out of Candyland, or whatever that place was, and get dressed. The royal family of the Kingdom of Corona is here for brunch." The moment she says that, Elsa robotically get's out of the bundle of blankets and slips into her comfy silk dress, though it's tight around the waist and not exactly her color: red.

Her sister, however, is completely dressed - mint green, long sleeve dress, with a ribbon around the waist to match - and has that anxious expression on her face, waiting for Elsa to do what she does best. The Ice Queen pats her hand on her hip, and from where her hand lies, a series of cool blue swirls cascade up and down the dress. The pink in her long sleeves transforms into capri-length baby blue sleeves that frills at the end. The poof at the bottom of her dress slims down the slightest bit to fit her better. The baby blue continues to work itself up and around her form, and the end result is a beautiful, casual dress, with the collar barely grazing her neck with it's matching frills.

"It's magical," Elsa's astonished girlfriend says. She grins at the irony of her statement. "C'mon, we need to go now."

"Yes, yes, I'm coming." The queen fixes up the ribbon around her tiny waist and hurries down the hall with her sister. She looks over to the redhead on her arm and tries to mentally communicate to her, afraid the words will echo downstairs: \_Conceal, don't feel, don't let them know\_. She hates thinking that way, but she knows that her girlfriend understands somehow, and it needs to be comprehended to the full extent.

Anna notices the look in her eyes and nods. A bit worried, she bites her bottom lip and looks forward. Once they reach the top of the spiral staircase, which leads to the grand entrance, they simultaneously unlock their arms and hold their hands in front of themselves.

"Remember," Elsa whispers.

"I know, bab- Elsa," her sister sighs as they walk downstairs. They reach the bottom after a long silent series of steps, and the royal family awaits for their acquaintance. Both the king and queen are easy to spot, with their complex attire design and gold crowns. However, there is also a small, brunette girl with short hair, around the same age as Anna, who is clinging on to the arm of a strong, yet slim man, with a little chin spike and matching colored hair. Both of them are following the casual theme, making the king and queen of Corona stand out a tad.

"Hello, your highnesses," The Ice Queen greets them as her and her sister curtsy, "Pleased to meet you all."

"Hi!" The young brunette cheers excitedly to them, even though she's only a foot away. She speaks rapidly, almost incomprehensibly excited, "I'm Princess Rapunzel and this is Eugene and my father and mother, Amelia and Marcus." She gestures to each person as she says their names.

Elsa grins at her quirkiness, a characteristic she adored in her sister. "I'm glad you're excited, Rapunzel," she chuckles, "Now, follow us in to the dining hall." Both the small, royal families head down the hall extending from the grand entrance to giant double doors, which on the other side lies the dining hall. The Ice Queen tugs at her gloves, nervous, remembering what is inside them, remembering the fear. She swallows it and carries on forward.

The brunette walking behind her notices this and moves quickly up next to her and whispers to her, "Don't worry, I completely understand." This caught the queen completely off guard. She looks down at her hands and clenches them into a fist.

"How could you?" Elsa replies quietly. Rapunzel grins and glances down at the floor, running her hand through her hair. She remains silent while the queen ponders it for a minute. \_I'll have to talk to her about it later.\_

They all finally reach the dining hall and two servants open the double doors for them. Once the doors open, Elsa looks up. What lies ahead of her, sitting in \_her\_ chair, staring her right in the face.

"Hello, Elsa," the creature says, in the most menacing voice she had ever heard.

### 3. Chapter 3

"What are you doing here?" Elsa yells across the room to her friend. Her sister and the visiting guests behind her look at her with concern.

"Elsa, what are you talking about?!"

"Queen Elsa, are you okay?"

"What's wrong?" They all gather towards her and try to peel her away from whatever she thinks is there. They aren't even aware that the Wicked Witch - oddly wearing a fully black dress, unusual for her to wear - is patiently sitting at the head of the dining room table. However their queen doesn't even flinch at their response.

She bursts forward towards the hideous, green woman, unsure whether to hug her or slap her. "Where have you been?" She yells at her, well almost; half way through the sentence she slows down and lowers her voice, realizing the impolite manner of her actions, "I've missed you." Elphaba grins at her, evilly, which was odd considering all Elsa had ever seen of her was this bright, cheerful, young girl who... \_Oh hell... \_

"You've been awfully close with Anna, haven't you?" Elphaba says deviously.

"Shhh! Please don't! I mean it!" The nervous queen whispers loudly. Her eyes watering from hysteria. They can't know! Convince her to shut up. "Please!"

Elphie's eyebrows furrow as she snarls, "I've been treated like a bitch - like I was worthless - my entire life! I'm just another one of your mistakes, aren't I?"

"What on earth are you talking about?!"

"You'll pay." With that, she storms off towards the kitchen. Elsa chases after her, confused. The green witch disappears through the kitchen door, the snow queen isn't far behind. Once she gets inside and see's Elphie, she freezes in place. "What is your problem? What do you want!?" she yells across the room, where Elphaba stands on the other side of the vegetable table.

"I want you," she said menacingly. With that, fear struck Elsa's heart. Although she knew love could thaw, she also knew fear could freeze. She raised her hands defensively, but ice flew out of them. All in one moment, Elphie deflected it and shot a small ball of flame out of her hands, thinking Elsa was ready for a fight. Suddenly the door swings open, and Anna pokes inside, though turtles when she see's the flame hit her sister.

"Oh my goodness! What happened?! Elsa are you alright?" she exclaims to her secret girlfriend, and she gets down on her knees to attend to Elsa while she is crouched on the floor. She looks up, seeing this enrages Elphie, but had no idea why. In a split second, the witch vanishes into thin air. The queen is out of breath, her hair's a mess and the bottom rim of her dress is smudged with burnt pieces of itself, tearing a little.

"What am I gonna do?" she thinks out loud.

"Elsa, what are you talking about? What just happened?!"

"She was here!"

"Snap out of it, Elsa! Who are you talking about?" Anna shows more concern across her face than throughout her sister's whole body. The queen gasps and tries to collect herself a minute, with her hand on her head. But she pulls away her hand and see's her palm is been burned by the witches flames, though she doesn't feel much pain from it. Most likely it's a quirk from her ice powers. She conceals her hand on her lap from her sister and stands up, fixes her hair and straightens out her attire. Princess Anna stands with her, keeping her hand on Queen Elsa's back and other on her shoulder, helping her forward. Both girls are trying to come up with an explanation for their royal guests.

Fortunately, both of them maintain dignity as they walk out. Elsa's heart drops to her stomach when she see's the royal family of Corona standing there with unsettling expressions on their faces. Once they reach them after the walk of shame, she clears her throat and says, in the most dignified manner she could muster, "My apologies, your highnesses. Occasionally I... uh... see the ghost of my parents," - her lie must have been convincing, seeing that pity has re-written their faces - "and, well, this is one of those times."

"Do you also burn your gowns like this?" Rapunzel asks, concerningly.

"No, no. My dress got caught on the cooking pot in the kitchen." While she says this, she looks down and remembers the injury on her hand. "However, I did accidentally hurt myself during that, so I'll be just one moment to clean myself up."

"I'll come with you," Anna says cheerfully.

"No," - she exclaims tersely, then clears her throat and says more politely, "It's rude to leave our guests. You can stay here, I'll only be a moment." Elsa nods towards their guests, mostly at the small brunette, who's eyes haven't shown one sign of fear or disgust, only concern for Elsa - which is nice for once. The tall blond leaves towards the powder room, while Anna escorts her guests to the dining table.

The cool water is refreshing on Elsa's face. She runs it through her hair, along her scalp, until her fingers reach the beginning of her french braid. That braid has been her identity most of her life. It made her feel like a girl; pretty and free, in a way. Her fingers trail down the smooth bumps in it until they find the ribbon holding the ends together. She looks up to see a messy girl in the mirror. The edges of the burn scars on her hand begin to recede - slowly, but for surely. She watches in amazement, then runs them under the cold water. All this time, she hasn't noticed how much her heart is racing. The heat from her blood pumping from it was radiating throughout her body. Heat. She was most concerned about her powers. Although conflicted about how she felt about them, what if they were gone? What if burning them also burned the cold inside her? Is that even a bad thing?

"Hey Els-" a perky voice says and then clears her throat once her voice catches, "Queen Elsa." Rapunzel walks through the door cautiously. "I came to see how you were doing. Is there anything I can help with?"

Elsa's heart finally slows down, remembering she wasn't alone anymore on this. She smiles, "Princess Rapunzel, why aren't you back in the dining hall, enjoying brunch with everyone else?"

"I just wanted to see if you were alright, since your hand looked pretty bad. Can I see it?"

Elsa looks down at her hand, then hesitantly extends it forward towards the girl in front of her. She nods and gives a pitiful half-smile, looking as though she was guilty of something. Rapunzel steps forward and gently holds and examines the queen's hand. "It's burnt pretty bad," she states, not necessarily talking to Elsa, more just to herself, "But I think I can fix it."

The snow queen's face contorts into an overall confused look. \_How can this little brunette possibly- \_

Elsa's thoughts are cut off by the other girls quiet song: "Flower gleam and glow, let your power shine."

\_Why is my hand glowing gold?\_

"Make the clock reverse, bring back what once was mine."

\_What's happening?!\_

"Heal what has been hurt, change the fates design." This smooth voice is soothing the pain away from the queen. "Save what has been lost, bring back what once was mine."

\_What?\_

"What once... was mine." As Rapunzel sings the last note of her song, she releases Elsa's hand which has completely healed.

Elsa looks down in astonishment, and great joy. She glances up at Rapunzel, who is also smiling at her masterpiece. The queen sends some small flurries of snowflakes out of her newly healed hand, and is giddy with excitement when they swirl around before her eyes. She cradles her hand with her other one and looks at Rapunzel with the most sincerest of eyes and says, "So that's what you meant from before. Thank you so much."

"It's nothing, your highness," she realizes she forgot to curtsy when she first made her acquaintance, and does so to make up for it. Elsa doesn't even feel the need to ask questions - she understands the secrecy of magick well on her own.

"Come on, we must hurry. They must be missing us." The snow queen grins and runs over to the bathroom door, Rapunzel follows.

They both take a second to compose themselves once they are out in the hallway, then stride down to the dining hall quickly. As soon as they reach their seats, Elsa apologizes for their absence and says, "What did we miss while we were gone?" very nonchalantly.

"Well I thought brunch went very well," Elsa says, with a stubborn tone in her voice. She's trying to untie the bow around her waist with her nimble fingers, and failing.

"All I said was that I'm not sure the King bought your 'my dead parents ghosts are here' bit," Anna replies, rolling her eyes, then chuckles, "Haha, but it was clever, I'll give you that."

"I got that vibe too, but I'm not gonna worry about it too much. I'm sure they understand." It still surprises Anna how nonchalant Elsa sounds. She finally gets the ribbon undone and throws the dress on the floor, turning it into a pile of green silk. Anna stands close to naked next to the struggling Elsa. "Ugh you do me. I can't get this undone!" Anna's confused sister exclaims.

"Yes baby," Anna chuckles. While she stands face to face with the queen - her bare tummy just barely brushing against the bow she was untying - there is a small hesitant pause. Her face looks flustered as she tries to undo the bow. After a minute she begins to think, and finally, "At least whatever you saw was just your imagination."

This throws Elsa off, and sent her on a whole other path. Instinctively, she agrees with her and remains silent. Her eyes wander off into space in thought. \_What if... But no that can't be... imagination?!\_



#### 4. Chapter 4, Part 1

It was late at night - all was quiet. The silence crept up on me as I perched quietly against the wall of Elsa's bedroom, as well did the cold, though I was use to the frigid air in there. Unmoving, I was mesmerized by the light reflecting off of the princess's beautiful hair - so bright, I could see it in the ice on the floor around the bed.

\_I guess I consider myself an expert on Elsa's little "perk", per say. Though it wasn't that hard, sitting in that room every night, freezing my ass off while I sat on the cold hard floor beside her bed, watching her, keeping her safe - keeping her company. I couldn't be more certain that she would have gone mad without me there. I know she felt something for me - I'm the only one who was there for her. Not even her parents. Not even her \_sister. \_Isn't that sad? \_

\_No I'm the one who's always been here for her - held her when she was upset. Why does she care so much about Anna? I've been the one to give her love. \_

I quietly creep up to the bed, run my fingers down the smooth french braid that lay on the pillow under my love's head. She's facing her sister who mimics the queens position. \_Pfft, spooning, figures, \_I think to myself, as my eyes flare with my target in sight. The little princess. \_Bitch, you'll pay.\_ Since I'm close to mastering conjuration, I decide to experiment with it. I walk over to the window, left agape from my entrance, the curtain grazes my arm as I stand in the frame. My shadow casts down onto the floor from the moonlight. The wave of my hand sends flurries of ice to the little brat's side of the bed. The extra blanket around her freezes solid, and she isn't able to move.

With another wave of my hand, the beautiful queen levitates and is set on the floor, wrapped in the rest of the blankets. Even from here, I can see her stupid sister's skin turn pale from the cold. But as I grin evilly at my plan, I hear a moan from the floor. Thankfully it's only Elsa having a nightmare or something. I blow a kiss towards her and bound off, leaving the helpless little Anna to freeze to death.

\_Fear is your enemy, Elsa\_

End  
file.